PLENTY OF GOOD APPLES.

NEW ORCHARDS MAKE IT HARD TO TELL WHEN IT IS AN OFF YEAR.

ree Million Barrels of This Season's Crop Expected to Reach Market—The Best Apples Sent Abroad and We Get the Leavings-Favorite Applea for Export and Fancy Varieties That Bring High Prices



O many new orchards are being grown and new districts coming in nowadays," said a prominent West street apple shipper to an EVENING WORLD PSporter, "that it is rather a difficult thing to tell whether it is an off year or not. There was a time when it was the general rule that if there were no apples in Wayne, Niagara and Livingston Counties in this State, there were none in the

country, and this was about the truth. Now, however, if there are no apples in one section we can get them in another, and we go South and North from them. A great many apples come from Nova Scotia and Canada to supply this market, and then again we draw a large supply from Virginia. The West is not an apple-growing region."
" How about this year?"

"How about this year?"

"There is a full crop in the western counties of New York, so it may be regarded as an old-fashioned apple year, although there is a scarcity in some of the new regions, particularly in Monroe and Cattaraugus Counties, where only one-half a crop is reported. In the West the yield is very light. It is estimated that the New York crop is somewhere in the neighborhood of 3,000,000 barrels this year. This is exclusive of the apples used in cider-making and includes only those shipped to market."

cider-making and includes only those shipped to market."

"Are not a great many of the apples which come to this market shipped to Europe?"

"Certainly, they form during the seasons, that is during October and November, one of the principal articles of expert from this port. It is estimated that over one million will be shipped to Europe this year from all the ports. The exports from New York are rotten behind those of last year up to the present time, although last week they went up to 20,000 barrels. The total figures this year up to Nov. I are 189,928 barrels against 257,583 barrels for the corresponding time last year."

"Where do the export apples come from?," "Where do the export apples come from?,"
"Principally from the western counties although almost all the apples raised in Ulster and Dutchess counties are shipped direct to Europe. In fact, all the best apples that come to this market are taken for shipment, and New York people get only the leavings, so to speak. This is because the demand is so active, and because only the boundest and best apples that can be protured are available for export. If not sound, they could not stand the voyage, and the fruit would arrive in an unsalable condition. A great deal of money has been lost by shippers from this very cause, and now it has come to be regarded as a very ticklish business."

by snippers from this very cause, and how it has come to be regarded as a very ticklish business."

"Which are the best apples for export?"

"Well, I suppose you might call Baldwins and Greenings the favorites. They are the best for export because at this season of the year they are hard as bricks, and are least affected by transportation. At wholesale they bring from \$1.50 to \$2 a barrel, and they are now coming into the market in great quantities. Another good export apple, and a great favorite with English consumers, is the Northern Spy, which comes only from the western counties of this State. It is a large reddish apple, with a peculiar and delicate flavor. Spitzenbergs, which sell at \$1.75 to \$2.25 a barrel at wholesale, are of course one of the old stand-bys, and are always eagerly gobbled up by dealers, both for the local and the export trade."

"What are some of the fancy varieties?"

"The Newtown pippin, which comes from Virginia, is one of the favorite fancy grades. The price ranges between \$3 and \$5, according to the supply. The King variety sells at \$3 a barrel, the Gravenstein, from Nova Scotia, is worth about \$3.50, and the Snow \$8.25. These are all wholesale prices.

Selis at \$3 a carret, the Gravenstein, from Nova Scotia, is worth about \$3.50, and the Snow \$8.25. These are all wholesale prices. Among other fancy grades are the Yorktown and Monmouth pippin, the Cranberry pippin, Egg Tops, None Such, Vandeveers and twenty-ounce pippin, but the supply of these apples in the market is always very small."

JAN. 20, 1887.

My dear MR. BIKER:

This is the second "certificate of merit" I have ever written for a medicine. Your "Expectorant" I consider the very best medicine it have ever used—in fact, it comes nearer being a SPECIFIC than all the other medicines put together ever heve. My wife has been laid up with bronchial catarrh for a LONG TIME. A month ago with bronchial catarrh for a LONG TIME. A month ago with bronchial catarrh for a LONG TIME. A month ago with bronchial catarrh for a LONG TIME. A month ago with bronchial catarrh for a LONG TIME. A month ago with bronchial catarrh for a LONG TIME. A month ago with bronchial catarrh for a LONG TIME. A month ago with bronchial catarrh for a LONG TIME. A month ago and possible in the most ingenious compounds ever prescribed by a doctor of extraordinary talent and experience, but somehow they all failed. In despair 1 bought a bottle of your "RIKER'S EXPECTORARY." One-half of the lyncat sheen used, and my wit've cough has already lost its original character. She has, perhaps, three short 'bour's 'in the twenty-four hours. The sputs has completely changed, and the nervous IRLITATION of the throat has entirely despeared. To sum up, as a person of a good constitutional remedy. FORTIVE BADICAL and CONSTITUTIONAL remedy.

ROBITIVE BADICAL and CONSTITUTIONAL remedy. **AULIATIVA, but ACCHIMALD GORDON, Editor Polices Gassite. **.*



O, you have no ambi tion," cried the girl; but I have." Her splendid eyes

flashed upon the young fellow, and in a dull, undefined way he felt clumsy and lontish and altogether inade. quate to the compan. ionship of this radiant creature.

"Ambition!" He repeated vaguely. Hilary swung herself on the gate with

SAC AMPROPRIE an impatience which perhaps accorded little with the announcement she had been making of high and brilliant social aims for

herself. "Yes, ambition. Did you ever think you would like to be anything more or better than you are now? And what are you? Just a

She flung the word out with a magnificent contempt.

"It's what your father and brother were, Hilary," returned Oliver, after a little space. He said it gravely, without accent of

"That's no reason why every one should go on being the same thing to everlasting," announced Hilary, not very clearly, but with

decision and passion.
Oliver felt himself defenseless before this worldly wisdom. This had always been their attitude. Her nimbleness and wit left his slowness and heaviness at a loss. There were things he would have liked to say-things which he felt vaguely, which haunted him with a torturing sense that his reasons were THOROUGHBREDS DONE IN OIL.

o Pictures of Noted Raceborses in the

19110

THE

ERSONS interested in celebrated racehorses both of the past and present, will find in the St. James Hotel barroom paintings of the most famous thoroughbreds of the past fifteen years. The pictures are all from the brush of Henry Stull. The first picture on the left from the entrance is that of the

celebrated Leonatus. with the jockey, "Billy" Donohue in the saddle. Leonatus won the Kentucky Darby in 1888. He is now in the stud in Tennessee. Next to Leonatus is one of Mr. Stull's

latest productions. It represents J. T. Ullman's big bay horse Raceland, said by many to be the greatest two-year-old of this year. The picture shows him to be doing an exercise gallop at Sheepshead Bay, ridden by the colored jockey, Isaac Lewis. Raceland distinguished himself by winning the Great Eastern Handicap in a big gallop in 1.15%, although he was giving away big lumps of weight to all of his opponents. Here also is the picture of the bay mare Louisette, once the favorite of G. L. Lorillard, who died while abroad some time ago. The mare is

the favorite of G. L. Lorillard, who died while abroad some time ago. The mare is now on the breeding farm.

The mighty Hindoo is shown with "Jimmy" McLaughlin up, in the Dwyer Bros. colors. Hindoo has, besides winning ten races as a two-year-old, added immortal glory to his other laurels by siring Hanover, one of the greatest three wars old ever seen.

glory to his other laurels by siring Hanover, one of the greatest three-year-olds ever seen on the American turf.

Mr. Stull's recent work is said to be much better than his former efforts, as is shown in his pictures of Elkwood, The Bard and Troubadour, all of which were painted this year. Bend Or, one of R. J. Cassatt's great colts, has a place of honor next to The Bard. Bend Or holds the fastest record for a mile and 500 vards, made at Saratoga, in 2,1014. and 500 yards, made at Saratogs, in 2.10\(\frac{1}{2} \).

Bend Or also distinguished himself by being the sire of a two-year-old filly named Bandusia, who won a two-year-old race at Sheepshead Bay with the odds of 200 to 1 against her.

Sheepshead Bay with the odds of 200 to 1 against her.

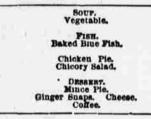
There are also good examples of J. B. Haggin's bay horse Ban Fox, with Billy Hayward up; E. Corrigan's mare Modesty and chestnut horse Freeland. The colored Archer, Isaac Murphy, is up on both of Mr. Corrigan's racers. Parole, Jack of Hearts, Bolero, Monitor and Exile are also perpetuated on canyas.

Bolero, Monitor and Exile are also perpetuated on canvas.

Over the cashier's desk is a fine picture of Capt. Sam Brown's big bay horse Troubadour, with "Dare-devil" Fitzpatrick in the pig-skin, taken shortly after his great race for the Suburban Handicap, when he galloped away from a field of nineteen horses and won in a canter. Mr. Connor's favorite is the small picture of his wonderful chestnut mare Glidelia, one of the best mares ever got by the famous sire Bonnie Scotland.

A DOLLAR DINNER FOR FOUR.

Contributed Daily to "The Evening World" by the Steward of the Aster House. At to-day's market prices the material for this



Daintles of the Market.

Prime rib roast, 18 to 20c.
Porterboase steak, 25c.
Sirioin steak, 18 to 20c.
Lag mutton, 16c.
Lamb chops, 25c. to 25c.
Lamb indq 'tiers, 14 to 15c.
Lamb lindq 'tiers, 14 to 15c.
Veal cutiets, 25c.
Sweetbreads, 85 per desen.
Calres' heads, 50c. to 60c.
Roseting pig. 33.30 seach
Spring chicken, \$1 to \$1.25.
Propicked turkers, 16c. to 10c.
Squabs, \$3.50 to \$4. doz.

Squabs, \$3.50 to \$4. doz. 20c.
Squabe, 83.50 to 84. dos.
Squabe, 83.50 to 84. dos.
Squabe, 83.50 to 84. dos.
Soston Geese, 18 to 20c.
Gorion Ducks, 18 to 20c.
Ordinary ducks, 12c. to 15c.
Carvasbacks, 83.50 pair.
Grouse, 81.50 pair.
Fartifige, 75c. to 81.25 pair.
Red birds, 81 dosen.
Red beads, 81.50 pair.
Mallards, 81 pair. o boc. pair.

50c. a 100.
Oystors, 75c. to \$1.50 a 100.
Terrapin, \$12 to \$36 a dox.
Green turtle soup, \$1 quart.
Frogs' legs, 60c, th.
Terrapin stew, \$4 quart.
Shrimps, \$1.50 per gallon.
Scallops, \$1.26 per gallon.
Celery, 12c. bunch,
Pess, 30c. half peck,
Squashes, 10c. to 15c.
Pumpkin, 20c.
Mushrooms, \$1 quart.
Outons, 15 to 20c. half peak. eal, 70c, 25c, lb. Japons, 25 dos. Plover, 25 dos. Pail, 81.50 dos. Rabbits, 25c, spiece, Venison, 29c, to 25c, Woodcock, \$1 pair. Pumpkins, 20c.
Mushrooms, \$1 quart.
Outons, 15 to 20c. half-peck.
Cauliflowers, 10c. to 16c.
Lettuce, \$c. head.
Cranberrier, 10c. quart.
Horserralish, 10c. root.
Sweet potatoes, 20c. half-peck.
Lima beans, 20c. quart.
Egg plants, 10c.
Oyster plant, 10c. a bunch.

A DEUGGIST uptown cells more of ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALSAM than all other cough mixtures. 10c. *.*

SPORTS OF FIELD AND RING.

THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB'S PRO-POSED CHANGE OF LOCATION.

Punch Vaughn to Fight an Unknown-Glove Contest Between Buermyer and Barry on the Tapis-An Interesting Experionce Between ex-Light-Weight Cham-



HE New York Athletic Club will not be one of those that will regret not moving Carly enough when the a ship canal, as it will be inside the next two

years. Sheffield Island in the Sound, between Glen Island and the New York shore has been selected as the site for the new boathouse and athletic grounds of the Mercury Foot Club, and Contractor Cummings

was up there yesterday making estimates. The island contains twentyeight acres and was the home of Fritz Emmet and Mr. Robert Hunter. The club eight acres and was the home of Fritz Emmet and Mr. Robert Hunter. The club has purchased besides seven acres on the mainland, so that it will own a landing extending right up to the confines of Botton Priory. The laying of the track, building of the club and boat houses, erection of grand-stands, as well as the laying out of some fifty fine lawn-tennis courts, will commence with the opening of spring, and the track, it is expected, will be ready by June 1. As a number of the wealthy members of the organization will probably spend the summer at this new resort, the members of the organization will probably spend the summer at this new resort, the club-house will be a very elegant affair, capable of accommodating 500 people. The island is at present from an hour to an hour and a half distant from this city, but it is in-tended to run frequent special boats from Wall street and East River uptown landings next summer.

The Pastime Athletic Club will have a road nd cross-country run to-night.

Punch Vaughn, the English middle-weight, has been matched in Boston to fight George Godfrey's unknown for \$500 a side in three weeks. Vaughn will be tendered a benefit at the "Hub" on Nov. 21.

New York Athletic Club members talk of getting up a private glove contest for an ele-gant trophy between the old time heavy-weight champion amateur Harry Buermeyer, and W. J. M. Barry. A bout between these men ought to be a rattling good go.

Election day was very pleasant to theatrical managers in this city, because it was remunerative. Almost all the theatres, even those which had given special matinées, were crowded on Tuesday night. Denman Thompson's receipts for the day reached \$3,000. Daly's, Wallack's and Dockstader's held enormous audiences at the matinées. In Jersey City Mr. Southern crowded the theatre. That young man, by-the-by, is rapidly becoming a candidate for membership in the Adonis Club, of which Kelcey, Bellew and Hilliard are conspicuous members. The ladies likehim. It is said that a large number of New York girls have been present at the Jersey City performances.

There was only occasion to call for Peace Officer Billy Edwards's services in the Hoffman on Election Day night. The young man who required putting out was obstreperous and Billy had to throw him down, as gently as possible, three times before he could land him in Twenty-fourth street. Yesterday morning the ex-lightweight champion was getting his boots blacked in a corridor of the hotel, when a medium-sized man accosted him. "Yes," said Billy, "it was me put you out last night. I was sorry to have to, but I did it, when ordered to do so, as gentlemanly as I could." "I'd ought to blow your brains out, but I won't. I can lick you. I'll fight you for \$500." Edwards was speechless for a second with surprise. "I'll go you," he said, as he fished some money out of his pocket with one hand and rubbed his eyes to be sure he was awake with the other, "and if I don't lick you in two minutes I'll go and fall off a dock." "Never mind about fighting just now. What kind of wine do you drink?" said the suddenly calmed down belligerent.

A Real Curiosity.

Patron-What is there peculiar about that nan? As far as I can see he doesn't seem to be Dime Museum Attendant-That man with the tired look ?

P.—Yes. D. M. A.—Why, he's the greatest curiosity we have.
P.—Indeed?
D. M. A.—Sure pop. He understands all about the Interstate Commerce Law.

[Prom the Pitteburg Chroniels.]
"Why is a frog like a man who bets on the wrong

orse ?" asked the Snake Editor. "Give it up," replied the Horse Editor.
"Because he is a green backer."

BULLIED THE WRONG MAN.

West-Side Rowdy Gets a Lesson in



mand made in a loud

A CHINESE IMPERIAL OUTFIT.

Thousands of Hands Busy With a Gorgeon

Wedding Trousseau.

[From the Pall Mall Gasette.]

The choice of the bride for the young Emperor

of China has at last been made, and in due time

the daughter of the Duke of Chao, the brother of

the present Empress, will be Empress of the Celes

not take place before 1869, thousands of hands are already busy with the lady's trousseau and wed-

ding presents, which have probably never been equalled in wealth at any other Court. The follow-

ing, for instance, are the presents which the young

Emperor is presenting his fiancée before their

which consists of a gold seal, richly intaid with jewels, the handle being formed by two gold

dragons. Up to a month previous to the wedding the lady is presented with ten prebald horses, with complete trappings; 10 gilt helmets and culrasses, 100 pieces of sails of first quality, and 900 pieces of cotton material.

loo pieces of sails of first quality, and 900 pieces of cotton material.

As wedding presents the bride receives 200 ounces of gold; 10,000 ounces (taels) of silver; 1 gold tea service, consisting of teapot, and i cup, with a lid; I silver tea service; 9 silver wash basins, 1,000 pieces of sails of the best quality; 20 horses, with complete trappings; 20 horses and mules. The parents of the lady receive also 100 ounces of sold; I gold tea-set; 5,000 taels silver; 1 silver tea-set; if aliver wash-basins; 300 pieces of silt; 1,000 pieces of cotton material; 6 horses, completely harnessed; a helmet and cuirsus; a bow and a quiver, with arrows; each parent I court dress for summer and 1 for winter, 1 every-day dress, and a sable coat. The brothers and servants of the bride also receive rick and oosily presents.

The brothers and servants of the bride also receive rick and oosily presents.

The brothers and servants of the bride also receive rick and oosily presents. The winter court hat has a rim of sable; the crown is made of red velvet, from the centre of which rises a button composed of three parts, each of which is ornamented with three small oblong pearls of particular beauty and seventeen ordinary pearls, while in the centre of each part another splendid pearl is set in gold and surmounted by a gold phemix. The button is surrounded by seven gold phemixs, of which each is iniald with seven large and twenty-one small pearls and a cat's-eye, At the back of the hat, below the button, a gold pheanant is placed with one cat's-eye and sixteen

words "Wan-Fu" (eternal happiness) and "Wan-Shon" (eternal life).

The necklaces and chains are of an enormous value, and composed for the most part of pearls, turquoises, corials and diamonds. A mandkerchief which is worn in the belt is green, richly embroidered, trimmed with a tassels of jewels and yellow ribbons. A gala apron of red and blue satm, trimmed, with otter skin and embroidered in gold, dragon fans and skirts of many different kinds are also part of this gorgeous outst, and the farmiture for the future Empress is keeping every trade brisk throughout China.

HINTS TO THEATRE-GOERS.

Wear your dress suit and don't dare to have

core than two buttons on your waistcoat. Every

additional button is a knife in your claims to re

Never appear be-boutonnièred. Let people think that you've just got up from dinner, for which you

invariably dress. A tiny blot of gravy on your shirt-front to help the illusion will not be amiss.

If you value your good name, never look as though you were enjoying yourself. It is the height of vulgarity and unworthy of a metropolitan

theatre-goer. It will gain for you the qualification of '' disgustingly provincial."

whom you have brought to the theatre. She will

probably protest that she doesn't like you to leave

ner, but she will think all the more of you whe

Loll in the lobby and look as though life were

not a bit worth living. If any one ask you what

you think of the play, stare at him, twirl your

mustache, laugh cynically, and declare that you

Avoid allowing people to suppose that you see a play for the first time. If the piece has never

een done here previously, assert that you saw it

As you are leaving the theatre, linger in the

obby for a few minutes, and peer into the dark-

ness of the street as though you were awaiting panion's arm in yours and dart out. This mode of

Romance of a Model's Life.

[From the Chicago Inter Ocean.]
The romance of studio life appeals very strongly

as long as her popularity lasts, is like a panorams

of beautiful sights, pleasant sounds and delightful

sensations. The atmosphere of the studio attunes

ALAN DALE.

in London, don'tchernow, even though you haven't been nearer England than the Cunard

Never remain

exit is very offective.

you return.

between the acts with the lady

about the space usually occupied by one passenger on the seat at the rear end of the car The man spoken to was a modestly dressed, meek-looking man, much older than the speaker, and he blushed, smiled faintly, and looked confusedly through a pair of round spectacles at the other as he murmured an explanation and made an effort to pull his own cost-tail from under the other man.

"Oh, you needn't smile. If you try that on again I'll give you one right on the nose."

"Oh, you needn't smile. If you try that on again I'll give you one right on the nose."

The elder man tried hard to smile again as he turned his gaze out the window, but the smile was a flat failure. He was evidently not only annewed, but a little fearful for his personal safety.

This seemed to have just the reverse effect from the one intended, and the young man rose and, leaning over the other man, went on more flercely: "You're a dirty sneak-thief, and I've a good mind to throw you out of the window."

Just then the meek man arose. He was about as high as the shoulder of the other. He took the spectacles off his nose, wiped them on a red silk handkerchief and put them in his vest pocket. Then he said: "Now, my fine young ruffan, you get out of this car, or I'll thrash you within an inch of your life. Are you going to move out, or shall I send one of these people after an ambulance to remove your carcass?

The mild-mannered little man was buttoning up his mild little topcoat, and the other gave him only one look, and then hastily crowded himself through the door and dropped off the car, receiving a parting tap from the boot of a burly broker who stood on the platform.

The conductor said the young man was a

which each is iniald with seven large and twentyone small pearls and a cat's-eye. At the back
of the hat, below toe button, a gold pheasant is piaced with one cat's-eye and sixteen
pearls. The tail of the pheasant is divided into
nive parts by 802 small and five large pearls, forming a pundant, the centre of which is made of a
tapis laxuif surrounded by pearls. At the end of
the pendant a big coral is suspended. A collar is
fastened at the back to the hat, the outside of which
is of sable, the inside of bright yellow material,
with reviet ribbona, embroidered at the end with
diamonds. The three gala court dresses are of a
dark blue color, with borders of gold embroidery,
and large dragous embroidered all over the dresses,
while down the front are sewn in gold thread the
words "Wan-Fu" (eternal life).
The necklears and chains are of an encommon

The conductor said the young man was a west-side bully, who had made life miserable for him on his late trips by bullying innocent passengers on some similar pretext,

NOTIONS IN NOTE PAPER.

The "Great Scott" note paper comes in narrow sheets about twenty inches long and fold three times to fit into square envelopes. The "broken glass" paper has oblong sheets that fold across once to fit large square envelopes.

A favorite style is the square sheet in "etching," or Irish linen paper, that folds once down the middle and fits a long narrow envelope that is ornamented with an imitation of an antique coin in raised gold or

A style that is liked by many is a plaid in pale pink and blue or in delicate shades of blue and green.

The most popular ornamentation is the home address in the upper right-hand corner of the sheet, the envelope to be sealed with wax and stamped with the writer's private seal.

Sometimes the coat-of-arms is in the left-hand corner, and the address in the right, and in this case the coat-of-arms also orna-ments the envelope.

ments the envelope.

Boxes containing six sticks of sealing wax in one color, but in different shades, find many purchasers among ladies.

A popular style is to have the letters of the first name form a monogram, or the first name in small letters on a ribbon that crosses a monogram formed of the remaining initials.

Mahogany Signs Common in England.

[From the Northwestern Lumberman.]
It is well said that one-half the world does no know how the other half lives. Here, where pine and poplar are used for signs, comparatively few and popiar are used for signs, comparatively few are aware that mahogany is the kind of wood largely used for that purpose in England. A lumberinan from Bradford, who not long ago visited this office, stated that such was the case. When redwood was introduced into England this gentieman thought at first blush that the lumber was clear and wide it would be excellent for signs. It was tried, but for some reason it did not come up to the Englishmen's idea of sternal durability, and mahogany was again resorted to.

How Boys Can Make Money.

[Interviews in the Washington Post.]
Russell Sage's advice: "By (1) getting a post. tion; (3) keeping his mouth shut; (3) observing; (4) being faithful; (5) making his employer think that he would be lost in a fog without him, and (6) to be polite. That is a good way for a young man to begin, after he gets there. If he lives up to these rules he will not want a friend at court for any length of time—in fact, not at all."

Jay Gould's policy: "Keep out of bad company and go to work with a will. The boy who does that is bound to get on in the world."

Cyrus W. Fleid's scheme: "Panctuality, honesty and brevity," Mr. Fleid says, "are the watchwords of life."

The Acme of Laziness

[From Puck.]
Policeman (leaning against peanut stand)—Gape Foliceman (leaning against peanut stand)—Gape for me, ye calloo-hided Oyetalian!
Peanut vender gapes.
Policeman—Gape wider, ye shnake!
Peanut vender turns his head inside out.
Policeman—It's well ye did! (Filis his tail-pocket with peanuts and goes into saloon for something to keep awake on.)

sensations. The atmosphere of the studio attunes the souls of both artists and models to sentiment. Fancy sitting all day on a dass in a classic white robe with flowering asaleas all about and above you, shedding their intoxicating perfume on all sides, like a steady stream of heavenly breezes! Is it any wonder the artist fails in love with his model when he sees her raised above him under her canopy of dowers, like a vision of ideal womanhood, a golden-haired saint in a shrine or a Greek girl awaiting her lover in the temple of Flora? Marriages are said to be made in heaven. They are certainly made in studios under most favorable suspices.

Good art demands good models. At present they are rare, and it is not a matter of astonishment that the artists who has discovered a satisfactory female model should make her his own for life by marrying her.

impulses and of some generosity. If he were very prudent in some respects, one could not but acknowledge that he had the right to such prudence, situated as he was.

'Yes, I have great sympathy with some of these fellows," observed Mr. McFarlane, sipping his tea. 'I it is pathetic the struggle they go through when they are launched into the maelstrom of city life. Some swim; but many more sink. Yes—poor fellows! I've seen a good many cases of the kind.'
The bright young widow's face darkened with an alluring sympathy.

'Yes," she assented, with a soft little murnur.

murmur. "Some have come under my especial

Choking Catarrh.

Have you awakened from a disturbed sleep with all the and pressing the life-breath from your tighter the effort to clear your throat and head of this catarrha matter ? [What a depressing influence it exerts upon the mind, clouding the memory and filling the head with pains and strange noises! How difficult it is to rid the nasel passages, throat and lungs of this poisonous muon all can testify who are afflicted with catarrh. How difficult to protect the system against its further progress towards the lungs, liver and kidneys, all physicians will admit. It is a terrible disease and cries out forrellef and

fies utterly fall, of SANFORD's RADICAL CURE, are at-

box of CATARRHAL SOLVENT and an IMPROVED IN-HALER, with treatise and directions, and is sold by all

POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON

With their waay, dult, sching, lifeless, allgone sensation, relieved in one minute
by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster.
The first and only pain-subdaing plaster. Absciutally unrivalled as an instantaneous an
infallible antidote to pain, inflammation and weakness.
At all druggits, 29 cents; five for \$1, or postage free, of
POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

In the Langtry Boom Done For

(From the Sarannah Ness.)
The Langtry boom is at an end. She has held her supremacy for eight years in the newspapers of the world. London took her up first but grew tired of her when she returned to the English tired of her when she returned to the English metropolis two years ago. Then she came back to us, but the feeling grew apace that the Langtry was a bit 'passe." The shrewdest and best judges of such matters, the New York theatrical managers, saw that Mrs. Potter was the coming star. Such men as Abbey, Glimore and Stetson, who are always ahead of the times, made every effort to secure Mrs. Potter's services long before that lady decided absolutely to go on the professional stage. Finally she took the plunge, and the contest between the rival managers grew more rabid than ever. Just at the most critical period of Mrs. Langtry's career, before she has become a really capable actress, and when her fame as a beauty is beginning to dim, Mrs. Potter comes upon the field. She is beautiful, graceful and suave. She does not know how to act, but then what has that to do with an actress of the sensational type nowadays?

Pretty Girls Getting Scarce.

[From the Philadelphia Fines.] But the scarcity of beauty is not confined to fashionable society, a circumstance that goes to show that fashionable desipation is not the whole root of the trouble after all. It was the commo remark a few years ago that the prettiest girls in remark a few years ago that the prettiest girls in Philadelphia were to be found behind the counters in the large dry goods shops, and to a great extent it was true. Now it is almost impossible to find a girl that can be result classed as beautiful in one of these establishments. Where there is a girl in any of the stores that is at all pretty—such is the prevailing low average of beauty—she is immediately talked about and the people wno patronize the establishment, none more so than the ladies of fashion themselves, say to one another: "Have you seen that pretty girl at wnat-do-you-call-em's? You must go and look at her." There is nothing scarcer at the present moment than beauty, and with its scarcity has come a liveher and more general appreciation of it.

The New York Bartender of To-Day.

drill that is now exercised over the men who now mix drinks for New Yorkers. The bartender has indeed fallen into a place that very closely resem indeed failen into a place that very closely resembles that of the waiter, and, as very young men are being constantly pressed into the service and pushed forward because they are quick, wide awake and intelligent, the bar is no longer the restrum for politics, horse racing and gambling talk. There was a time when a man who knew a bartender familiarly enough to call him 'Billy.' 'Jimmy "or 'Tommy," or whatever his name might be, and who received a nod in return, feit so clated and aristocratic that he was bound to get drunk off-hand to prove his appreciation of the favora. An old-time bartender, with his vast and ruffied shirt front, his large diamond pin, muggy fingers and elaborately curied hair, exists no more.

A Long-Felt Want. [From the Louteville Courter-Journal.] What Uncle Sam seems now to need in his Indian

Answers to Correspondents. R. F. H.—Dante's" Inferno," illustrated by Doré, would certainly be a perfectly proper gift and one that should be highly appreciated.

B. H. D.—If either of the parties to the wager demands his money back the stakeholder must re-turn it. If he does not, it can be recovered from him by a sult at law. G. W. O.—The fastest time on record in this State, if not in the world, is the run of The World's newspaper train from Syracuse to Buffaio, 147.7 miles in 36 minutes. An average of 66.6 miles per

hour. B. H.-A street car conductor has a right to re B. H.—A stress oar conductor has a right to re-mae transportation for any package whatever. The transportation is an act of accommodation to the passenger. If it is charged for the passenger has no right to complain no matter what the charge may be. The charge is a bribe, and if the passenger does not wish to pay the bribe he need not offer it.

not offer it.

C. H. R.—A bets B that on a certain day C was in a certain place. It was agreed to leave it to C. C decides that he was there. It was afterwards proven that he lied. Who wins? A wins. The bet was left to him. There is no appeal from the referee's decision. A retrial cannot be granted. It is quite useless to go behind the record and find out that the judge has been bribed.

FUFTH AVENUE THEATRE.

Proprietor and Manager Higher OF

Positively last THREE NIGHTS OF

COMMENCING MONDAY, NOV. 14. MRS. POTTER in the first American production of LOVAL LOVE.

Bupported by MR. KYRLE BELLEW

geometry of Mr. R. R. Abber, of Wallact's and the roung American Ster.

POSITIVELY NO ADVANCE IN PRICES.

A fat frog's leg is better than any chicken you over tasted. You catch them right from the pond

you slap the legs in a pan, and have a dish fit to lay before a king. Spitted venison may be a dainty dish and toasted quall a luxury, but friesseed frog lays over anything I ever tried. Up at Shrewsbury, Pa., they make a fine art of dressing frogs for the table. They are these great ble blood-and-oundese, "as the boys call them, which plump into the water with a sound like that of a bass-drum whenever you come near them. Then they lie beneath the surface and shout "Bloody-nowns is" in a deep, guttural tone that shakes the ground and almost frightems you away from the locality. My mother used to be me that a "bloody-nowns" lived in the well when I was a boy, and I never would go near the ourb on that account. The boys in the country always call them "bloodys" for short. The sound they make is out of all proportion to their size, and it a terrible thing to pass through a marshy district on an autumn night and hear an army of them grombling and roaring until the very hills tremble with the noise,

Unappreciated Competitie

[Prost the Louisville Courier-Journal.]
There is great discontent in the prisons becam
so many outside dudes are wearing stripes.

AMUSEMENTS.

with the big green coats on them, and after cut the body off and pulling the skin over their

you slap the legs in a pan, and have a dish fit

POSITIVELY NO ADVANCE IN PRICES.

STAR THEATTRE.

TO NIGHT, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

MR REARY REVING.

MISS ELLEN TERRY

AND THE LYGEUM COMPANY.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

MARGARET TERRY

MARGARET TERRY

MARGARET TERRY

MATURDAY NIGHT, 15TH NOVEMBER.

"THE BELLIS" AND J INVENTER.

"THE RELLIS" AND ADMINISTRE.

"THE RELLIS" AND ADMINISTRE.

THE RELLIS AND AREK THEATTE.

HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE.

R. W. HANLEY
CORDELIA'S ASPIRATIONS.

EDWARD HARRIGAN
In his great character, DAN SULLIGAN.

In his great character, DAN MULLIGAN, DAVE BRAHAM and his popular orchestra, WEDNESDAY—MATINEE—SATURDAY, Look out for PETE.

DOCKSTADER'S.

"ELECTION DAY."

"MILLE DE BERANS EAR."

"MULLE DE BERANS EAR."

WOCD, BRYANT AND SHEPPARD.

CHART PIRST.

Matines Instructor, 2.30.

MONDAY — PAUST.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

BEVENTH WEEK CONTINUED STOCKS

ROBSON AND CRANE,

in Bronson Howard's great comedy,
THE HENRIETTA.

50th performance, Monday, Nov. 14. Elsb

M ADISON SQUARE THEATRE.

Mr. A. M. PALMER.
Begins at 4.80. Haterday Matters at 2.

Last Two Performances of

JIM THE PENMAN. Thursday evening, Nov. 10, will be produced a new play by the author of THE TWO OKPHANS, entitled: THE MARTYR.

THE MARTYR.

14TH STREET THEATRE, OOR, 6TH AVE.
Matiness Wednesday and Saturday.
THIRD. WEEK AND LAST BUT JA'S OF
CEO. S. KNICHT
In Bronson Howard's and David Belaseo's new play.
RULOLPH.
Gallery, 25c.; Reserved, 85c., 50c., 75c., 91 and 81.00 H. R. JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE

CORNER SIST ST. AND SD AVE. Prices, 10c.; Reserved Seats, 20c. and 30c. THE STREET OF ACR YOUR ROLL H. R. Jacobs. Vege On S.

PIJOU OFERA-HOUSE—BURLESQUE, RICE'S Rice & Dizey's Sumptions Products BURLESQUE COMPANY, with its groupous attraction 65 ARTISTS. Evo's at 8 (charp). Mark week also POLLE'S THEATRE, STH ST., STW AVE. 25 VAL 10c. 20c. 30c. MATS. Scot. Wed. Thur. 3cc. SID: C. PRANCE IN MATS. MOD. VON 1479. 3cc. Next week COMINICE MURRAY IN BLORY'S BIGGET. ALVRED H. WESTON. 4,000 Miles In V,000 Become. CABINO, BROADWAY AND SITH ST.
Evenings at 8. Matines Saturday at 2.
The sportling Comic Opera
THE MARQUIS
Received with roars of language.

WALLACK'S.

WALLACK'S.

WALLACK'S.

Characters by Mosers. Osmood Paarle, R.

CASTE. D. Ward, Chas. Groves. T. W. Hobsettee.

Miss Rose. Ooghlass. Miss Posse. Abboy. Evenings at 8.16. Makines Saturday, 2.18. Abbey. Ev EDEN MUSEE.

New Groups, New Pictures, New Attractic Concerts Daily. Admission to all, 80c. ACADEMY OF MURIC. RIGHTS WEST RESERVED SEATS, 50c., 75c. and 61.

BUNNELL'S OLD LONDON MUSEUM, 725-T20 BROADWAY. A million marvels, 505-marine divers at work. Astecs; 3 stages; 10 board performance. Admission, 25c.; children, 10c.

LYCRUM THEATRE. 6th ave. and 20d st.
Every evening at 8.15, and Saturday Magines.
THE WIFE Measure, Releay, Miller, Le Morres
THE WIFE Cayvan, Henderson, Dillon, &c., &c. TIONY PASTOR'S THEATRE. TONY PASTOR AND NEW SHOW.

HEARTLESS.



best, but that he should never succeed in explaining them so that Harry would heed, or even listen.

He stood, in sppearance a bulky, stolid young rustic, chewing without thought the long straw he held between his teeth; and the bright, slight, vivid girl by his side continued to swing her lithe body backwards and forwards on the white gate from which the paint was chipping, and forgot his existence.

istence.

It was a night fair and warm, and redolent with sweet, wholesome odors from the great red barn stocked with grain. There was a glory of moonlight abroad, and a south wind runtled the elms. It was a night full of poetry—full of the mysterious voices of nature.

rustled the elms. It was a night full of poetry—full of the mysterious voices of nature.

The young fellow, through his heavy corporeal envelope, thrilled with visions, resolves, yearnings he could not define or understand, of which he was scarce conscious. The girl, her spirited beauty verified by the rare light that shone upon her face, her eyes looking widely out into the sleeping fields, dreamed of city streets, and the life of thronging crowds, and the delights of delicate dress.

After a silence neither had measured for different reasons, Oliver stirred slowly.

"I suppose I must be going," he said.

"Oh, must you?"

Hilary came back violently from her reverie and gave him an absent glance. But immediately, as he was turning away without other words, she added:

"Come again when you can," and accompanied the admonition with a smile whose actual enchantment she could not have helped had she tried.

She looked after his tall, broad figure going down the moonlit road.

"Poor Oliver! He's a first-rate fellow," she thought.

And then she went back to the castles she

she thought.

And then she went back to the castles she was building crystal clear and iridescent with a hundred lights in the silence of the sweet, serene midsummer night.

The shops were opening, the factory-girls were trooping to their work, and the great city was awaking with a myriad tongues to its busy day, when a young man—who, somehow, had the look of middle age about him, too—stopped at an address which he had in his pocket. It might have been there some time, for the bit of paper on which it was

written was worn and discolored at the folds.
A tall and imposing personage, with a costume of conspicuous stylishness and an unimpeachable coffure, looked at him and impeachable collure, looked at him and came forward a little.

She seemed to be the only woman in the large deep shop, down the length of which stretched broad white counters laden with feathers, hats, flowers, boxes of ribbon.

feathers, hats, flowers, boxes of ribbon. Some young men, clerks, were lounging about in various attitudes of languor, awaiting the beginning of the day's labors.

"Lester, did you say?" repeated the imposing person with the smooth and effective hair. "Miss Hilary Lester? I couldn't tell you, really. She has not been here in my time. We employ only a few girls upstairs on trimmed sample hats."

She had an air of having dismissed the rural looking new-comer. One or two of the younger clerks smiled. Perhaps Oliver saw it. If so, he did not mind. He waited a moment more.

ment more.
"You—you could not tell me where she is now?" now?"

The superb female smiled mightily.
"Not very well, since I have told you that I don't even remember the name."
"No, of course not," stammered poor Oliver."
"Who was he after? Seemed to be pretty badly cut up," he heard some one laugh as he went out.

went out.
Stumbling a little in his hulking country. man's walk, he passed along the great, strange, noisy street once more. Hurrying hundreds, each unit of them all on his own interests his own absorbing concerns—intent, brushed

his own absorbing concerns—intent, brushed by him unheeding.

Where should he look now? Never in these five years of toil, of patient starving for one idea, had this thought occurred to him that when he did manage to follow her it might be too late; that she might have gone beyond the ken of those who had known her. He walked about the streets vagnely, aimlessly all that day, and when the thorough fares shone with the white glare of electric lights he continued his footsore wanderings. Presently he noticed a sign offering night's lodgings beside a flight of stairs leading into a large house. He considered a moment and then went in. He engaged a room, then took his money out of his pocket and put it under his pillow. He would be very careful of it. He would spend nothing on himself. He might find Hilary yet. But where? Oh,



" THE POOR FELLOW'S DEAD." my God! With a sudden toy terror of premonition shooting through him he turned his head into his hard, thin, coarse pillow.

There? It was a small room, its spaces managed and utilized in the spirit of compact snugness which characterizes the cheaper metropolitan flat; but it was a very pretty room. Its grace and almost elegance of arrangement made up for its exiguity. And the pretty woman who poured tea for her one visitor gave a last bright charm to the apartment, which the gentleman was not slow to appreciate.

which the gentleman was not slow to appreciate.

He was a rather florid person, to whose good looks the touch of forty years had given a certain appearance of added prosperity and perhaps pompousness. The appearance of prosperity was quite justified. Mr. Vannest McFarlane had all the material things which a man need wish for.

Perhaps he took them—his unimpeachable

position, his gentle blood, his inherited and accumulated wealth—rather as a tribute to his personal excellence and respectability; but, all the same, he was a man of many good impulses and of some generosity. If he were

"Some have come under my especial of notice."

"Yes? I dare say you have given many a struggler a helping hand, too," said the young widow.

She said it quietly, not impulsively. If she had forced the enthusiastic note at all, Mr. McFarlane's delicate taste would have

Mr. McFarlane's delicate taste would have taken umbrage.

This was precisely what McFarlane so greatly appreciated in the charming little woman in the black dress, He made no illusion to himself on the score of her probable original status. He did not know exactly what it was; but he imagined, without wishing to inquire very far back, that it was something rather simple, while respectable.

He did not think he should at all have cared for the acquaintance of the defunct Mr. Lawton, who had been a frank, fresh young dry-goods clerk, with great limitations as to his intellectual cutlook, and evidently greatly his young wife's inferior.

his intellectual cutlook, and evidently greatly his young wife's inferior.

Mr. McFarlance could not but consider it
as almost providential—and this quite impersonally—that the young dry-goods cierk,
after insuring his life nicely, should have
left his wife to pursue her career unhampered
by the restrictions that a husband without
many resources must place upon a eleverand many resources must place upon a clever an

many resources must place upon a clever and pretty woman.

If Mr. McFarlane was a little slow in finally crystallizing his various feelings of appreciation, admiration, for this particularly clever and pretty women into a definite offer of his person and its accompanying advantages, it is to be remembered, as said before, that the advantages were really quite uncommon.

"A man does what he can in such a case,"

he said, in reply to her remark. But the remark had flattered him—had been delightfully agreeable.

And Mrs. Lawton was looking so very charming—more so even than usual, if that were possible—that evening. There was such a soft color upon her cheek, such a light in her eyes.

And what an air of grace and breeding she had! There was something in personal distinction certainly. It was an excellent substitute for social distinction, if one could not have that. And what a quaint mellow name Hilary was!

"I have had one instance under my notice for some time," he pursued. "The young fellow came from the rural districts about two years ago. He was honest, industrious, a capital fellow, though rather dull. But I don't think it was the dulness which stood in the way of his getting on. He had not come to this city with any intention of seeking his fortune, it appeared. On the contrary when he came—poor wretch!—I fancy he thought himself possessed of a certain wealth. It was a touching story. It seems—I only found this out very lately, for the poor creature is very reticent—that had an attachment—rather a hopeless one, I imagine—for a young woman in his own place, and that she left it to come to the city. Oliver Payne—that is his name—saved and toiled and at the death of his father sold out his share of the farm and home.

"The young woman, it would appear, had and home.
"The young woman, it would appear, had
"The young woman in the time past, and

"The young woman, it would appear, had been rather ambitious in the time past, and probably would not listen to his suit. But I suppose Oliver felt that if he presented himself before her as a capitalist in a mild way she might be induced to think differently of him and his offer. But he never found her. She had gone up to higher things or down to lower, and he looked in vain. And then he had his money stolen from him one night in a lodging house, and he had to look for work or starve. But he did not get on. The hope that had held him up was growing dimmer all the time. Finally he fell ill. Now he is very low. I doubt if he lives through another day. I have been very greatly interested in the poor fellow. "The girl's name was Hilary Lester. She worked first in a wholesale straw and flower house downtown. All trace of her disappears after that. Yes, it is really an unusually sad case."

"Poor—poor fellow! The girl was a name-sake of mine, than?"

deserved to succeed. She had pushed her chair back a little from the lamp, but she dared not raise her fan to screen her from its rays lest the action should betray the trembling of her hand.

She had the feeling a person might have who suddenly saw a chasm yawning at his feet. She dared not move; she scarcely breathed. She controlled the muscles of her face, though she felt with horror that her checks were turning so cold and white that her visitor must notice the change.

"Ah! Was your name Lester, too?" asked Mr. McFarline with a little surprised smile at the coincidence.

the coincidence.
"Y -I was referring to her first name-Hilary."

"Y — I was referring to her first name—Hilary."

"Ah, yes."

He began talking of other things. Mrs. Lawton, smiling a little, throwing in an aptword now and then, sat still, while the quivering in her neves subsided and the bounding of her heart grew less and less. She had but one thought. Had he observed anything? Had he suspected the cause of her agitation? It seemed to her that it must be written all over her face that she was the Hilary Hester who had worked in the flower-house downtown, and who now denied the man she had known since childhood, the farm laborage who had seen her go about her menial duties of the miserable house.

But she need have no apprehension. It could never have occurred to Mr. Vannest McFarlane to conceive of any possible connection between this refined, graceful, brilliant young woman, who had evidently been superior to her dry.goods elerk husband and the country girl who had wor the heart of poor, ignorant, faithful Oliver Payne.

When Mr. McFarlane called again (and the intervals between his calls were growing more and more short) he thought it only a proof of the directness and femininity of Mrs. Lawton's charming nature that she sho uld ask after his protege and hope he was better.

"I don't know whether it should be called better or not," returned Mr. McFarlane pensively. "The poor fellow is dead.!"

"Dead?"

"Yes. He died last night."

A few months later the morning papers of the metropolis announced the marriage of Mr. Vannest McFariane to Mrs. Hillery Law